

Hidden  
Treasures  
at the  
NATIONAL GALLERY




STUDIES & DRAWINGS

*By*

J.M.W. TURNER.





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VARNISHING DAY, ROYAL ACADEMY.

Portrait of Turner, by William Parrott (1846).

# HIDDEN TREASURES

AT THE

## NATIONAL GALLERY.

A SELECTION OF

### STUDIES AND DRAWINGS

BY

J. M. W. TURNER, R.A.

*NOW PUBLISHED FOR THE FIRST TIME.*

With some account of them : By E. T. COOK

*With a Sketch of Turner's Life, and reproductions of a number of his finished works.*

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## P R E F A C E.

This Art Extra of the *Pall Mall Magazine* contains a unique collection from the studies and drawings by Turner which are packed away in tin boxes at the National Gallery. They are described by Mr. E. T. Cook, who noted them when making investigations for his great edition of Ruskin's works. His revelations as to the curious condition of neglect in which this remarkable accumulation of "Buried Turners" had been allowed to lie for fifty years have naturally created a deep interest in these precious assets of the nation. It is confidently believed, therefore, that the many exquisite reproductions of them contained in the pages of this volume, and now published for the first time, will make a wide appeal to the artistic world, to which they have, of course, hitherto been inaccessible. The examples reproduced show the great painter at all stages of his career, from the comparative crudities of his youth to the inspired creations of his maturer years ; and all his styles are represented.

For the purposes of comparison, and to meet the critical needs of the connoisseur and student, it has been thought advisable to include a number of Turner's finished pictures, and reproductions of some twenty of his most famous works will be found in the volume, together with a sketch of the artist's life.

THE EDITOR.

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# BURIED TURNERS.

## NEGLECTED TREASURES AT THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

By E. T. COOK.



HERE have been two British artists in modern times, in addition to Watts, who made splendid benefactions to the nation. One was Chantrey; the other, Turner.

Both were of humble origin, both accumulated considerable fortunes by the practice of their several arts, and both left their fortunes for the benefit of art and of the nation. There is unhappily a further point of resemblance. The nation, or the body acting for the nation, has in each case failed to make the best use of the artist's munificence. The two men, during their earthly pilgrimage, were great friends. Everybody knows the sculptor's joke at the expense of one of the painter's fiery canvases. Chantrey stood before it on varnishing-day, and, warming his hands at it, as at a fire, remarked when the painter came up, "Why, Turner, this is the only comfortable place in the room. By-the-bye, is it true, as I have heard, that you've got a commission at last to paint a picture for the Sun Fire Office?"

Do the cronies continue their mutual pleasantries in the Elysian fields? If so, they must have at least one never-failing topic. Which of the two has been the worse treated by those whom they sought to benefit? Perhaps Turner chuckled when at last Parliament interposed to order an inquiry into the administration of Chantrey's bequest. But how Chantrey must have turned on him and pointed out the comedy of Parliament venturing to lecture other people on the misuse of a trust, when all the while it had itself been responsible, as the supreme power in these

matters, for the total perversion of Turner's will, and for some neglect of Turner's works!

The treatment of Turner's will is for the most part an old story. Ruskin succinctly summed it up when he wrote that the nation "buried with threefold honour, Turner's body in St. Paul's, his pictures at Charing Cross, and his purposes in Chancery." The proceedings in Chancery ended in a very simple way. The people whom Turner intended to get next to nothing of his money were given nearly everything; and the one purpose upon which, through all his varying codicils, he was uniformly set—namely, an institution for decayed British artists—was the one purpose which was wholly overruled. The nation, however, did well for itself. Turner had left to it his finished works only; the nation took all his unfinished works as well. Turner would not have minded that; he would have been well pleased, we can quite imagine, if the nation, in taking possession, had also made proper use of them. Unfortunately, however, the nation conceived its duties differently, and felt at perfect liberty to bury both Turner's purposes and his works. The morality of this proceeding was well questioned in a memorandum which Ruskin sent at the time to Lord St. Leonards:

"That the public became, by agreement between the parties to the suit, possessors of a larger number of pictures than the testator intended, does not appear to me to invalidate the obligation to carry out the conditions attached to the possession of the smaller number."

Few persons are likely to disagree with this statement of the case; let us see, then, what Turner's conditions were, and in what way they have been carried out.

### Turner's Will.

The conditions were very simple. They were that the pictures (1) should be kept together, (2) in a room or rooms to be added to the National Gallery, and called "Turner's Gallery." This was to be built within ten years; if it was not built, then the pictures were to go elsewhere. His will and meaning was, he wrote, that either the nation should comply with this condition, or not have the pictures at all. The artist's motive was not personal vanity. He conceived his works in groups, and he had a passionate desire that they should be kept together. In no other way could the ideas he had in his mind be communicated to the spectator.

### The Oil Pictures.

Now let us see in what way this purpose has been respected by the nation. We will begin with the oil pictures. Fifty years have passed since these came into the possession of the nation; but from that day to this, no gallery adequate to their display has ever been provided. First, they were dispersed among various places in London—at the National Gallery, at Marlborough House, at the South Kensington Museum. Now they are better hung, but they have been dispersed through the three kingdoms, while those that remain in the National Gallery are cruelly overcrowded, and many are buried out of sight of the public, for whose benefit they were bequeathed. In this last category are included some of the most important pictures of Turner's latest years, and one at least—the "Napoleon"—to which the painter himself attached particular importance. They were bitterly assailed by the critics of the Press at the time; they were defended and explained by Ruskin, and many a glowing page in "Modern Painters" reflects the mingled gloom and glory of these imaginative visions. The "Napoleon," and I think some six or seven other pictures of the same period, hang in the Board Room at Trafalgar Square, where I was once fortunate enough to catch a passing glimpse of them. "'Twere pleasant," says Bishop Blougram in Browning's poem, "could Correggio's fleeting glow Hang full in face of one where'er one roams"; and it must be pleasant for the officials of the

Gallery and the Trustees, whate'er their business may be, to have some of Turner's canvases confronting them. But I submit that this exclusive enjoyment of a portion of the national bequest is not in accordance with the terms of the testator. I do not for a moment suggest that the fault rests with the officials of the Gallery or with the Trustees. The public rooms are overcrowded as they are, and the director has to do what he can with the rooms placed at his disposal. The ultimate fault lies with successive Governments.

The existing Turner Room is, as I have said, shockingly overcrowded. I need not labour the point: one has only to go into the National Gallery to see it. At least half the Turner pictures are hung so high as to be practically invisible. "What London takes the day to be" is seldom very bright; on most days of the year the Turners which are "skied" under the roof might just as well be sent down to the basement. A few years ago, the removal of several Landseers and other modern pictures to the Tate Gallery gave Sir Edward Poynter an opportunity which he used most signally for Turner's advantage. One wall in a second room was appropriated to Turner, and pictures which heretofore had been skied were hung upon the line—the beautiful "Abingdon" among the number. The change was a revelation; the rehanging was equivalent to the acquisition of so many new Turners. How long will it be, I wonder, before the other pictures are thus restored to the nation? Ruskin is often accused of being wildly visionary and absurdly paradoxical. I am afraid that the charge cannot be denied. Did he not throw out the proposition fifty years ago that a picture which was worth buying or worth accepting was also worth so much wall-space as would enable it to be seen?

But if ever justice is to be done to Turner, more will be required than the proper display of those of his pictures which remain at the National Gallery. Those which have been dispersed will have to be brought together again; or, if the policy of dispersal be at all admitted, it will have to be applied on some reasonable and consistent principle. At the present moment nearly one-third of the finished oil pictures which Turner bequeathed to the nation on the express condition and with



the supreme purpose that they should be "kept together" in London, are scattered promiscuously in various galleries in the provinces, in Scotland and in Ireland. A more flagrant violation of the testator's terms could not be conceived. But Parliament is omnipotent, and by Parliament this treatment of Turner's bequest was authorised. Accordingly an Act was passed in 1883 (which attracted, I think, little or no public attention at the time) authorising the dispersal among provincial galleries of collections which a testator had bequeathed on condition of their being kept together. The dispersal is therefore legal; but is it right, and is it expedient?

The fact remains incontestable that the works of Turner are among the brightest and the most distinctive glories of British art. At home, among all who know, his pictures and his drawings and his plates maintain and increase their value; abroad, his fame steadily grows, and to many of our foreign visitors Turner is one of the principal attractions of England. In London, if anywhere, there should be a complete Turner Gallery. It was for this object that Turner for so many years of his life wrought and saved and contrived—often refusing the most tempting offers for pictures which he had designed to bequeath to the nation, sometimes buying back for the same purpose works with which in earlier years he had parted. He had hoped that a Turner Gallery would stand, in the metropolis of British Art, as a permanent memorial of his work. Yet, owing to the policy of the Trustees and of Parliament, many of the most important pieces which the artist designed for this Gallery are banished from it, and are dispersed all over the country, from Dublin and Glasgow to Sheffield and Leicester.

But this is not all. Let us grant, if only for the sake of argument, that the policy of partial dispersal is not altogether to be condemned; that it is possible to have too much of a good thing; that ten Turners are worth more in ten different places than all in one place. Yet, even so, some consideration should surely be given to the artist's intention in painting his pictures, and something be allowed to critical and biographical interest. "Of what use are they except together?" This was a cry from the very heart of the

man, and it applies to much more than the designs for the "*Liber Studiorum*." It was in connected groups that he nearly always conceived his pictures, and generally executed them; but this is a fact which is not adequately recognised in the present distribution of his pictures. Thus Turner painted (and exhibited in successive years) "*The Rise of the Carthaginian Empire*" and "*The Decline of the Carthaginian Empire*." The "*Rise*" is in London; the "*Decline*" has been sent to Manchester. He painted (and exhibited in the same year) "*Venice: Going to the Ball*" and "*Venice: Returning from the Ball*"; the former picture is at Manchester, the latter in London. And then, again, surely it would be interesting to collect in some place—it might be in the Tate Gallery, if no room can be spared in Trafalgar Square, what we may call the painter's topical and topographical groups of pictures—his Venice series, or his Italy series, or his Rome series. And, to give one more instance: there is in the water-colour room at the National Gallery a study by the artist for his "*Golden Bough*" (a picture which is appropriately given as frontispiece to Frazer's book on that subject), but the picture itself has been sent away to Dublin.

### Turner's Water Colours.

Other instances of what seems to me thoughtless dispersal might be given; but I must pass on to the second branch of my subject—the treatment of Turner's water-colours. The history of this part of the Turner bequest is complicated, and I must be content here to refer any reader who may be interested in the details to another place, where I have dealt with them fully.\* The broad facts are easily stated. The total number of drawings, studies and sketches by Turner's hand which came into possession of the nation was over 19,000. The total number of pieces, exhibited in any way, at the National Gallery, is, however, only 1,156. In addition to these, there are seven collections in provincial galleries, and a few pieces are on "permanent loan" at the South Kensington Museum. The total number of pieces anywhere exhibited is about 1,700.

\* See the Introduction to the Turner volume (XIII.) in the Library edition of Ruskin's works.

The remainder of the Turner collection lies buried in tin boxes, wholly inaccessible to the general public, and only seen perhaps once a year by some specially inquisitive and pertinacious person. Not all, or nearly all, of the buried pieces are worth exhibiting or valuable for study; but a very large number of them is. I submit that these facts disclose a neglect of national treasures which is inexcusable and which ought to be repaired.

When attention was called to this matter in the daily press a few months ago, several explanations and answers were forthcoming in the shape of "interviews" or "authorised statements." No names were given, and thus no responsibility was taken, and it is well to assume that any mis-statements which occurred in these communications were due to flaws in the medium of transmission. But there was so much general likeness in the statements as to suggest a common and an official source of origin. I may take it, therefore, that the reply of the responsible authorities is to be found in these newspaper articles. The burden of it was: (1) that a great many of the sketches were exhibited already; (2) that the unexhibited pieces were only "the waste-paper basket of the great artist's studio," of no value or interest to the public; but (3) that they were, nevertheless, well taken care of. Reply No. 1 merely states what is common ground. It is a pity that the delights of the Turner water-colour rooms are not more widely known and enjoyed. An artist wrote thus to a friend in the country, when some of the sketches were first shown:—

"I wish you were near enough to go with me to see them. They are very interesting and profitable. They confirm what I have long believed to be true, that in preparing for painting the best way is not to paint finished things from nature, but to make slight, often symbolic, records, in abundance, of *facts*. There is scarcely an instance of a finished sketch of effect directly from nature in all Turner. Careful outlines, however, of places, with true position of everything marked down zealously and minutely; and generally very modest, almost timid in touch. I like the reverence this betrays. Some are slight, others hasty, for want of time; but all are full of tender, reverential

feeling. The leaves from his sketch-books reveal to me how he lived, pencil in hand: every variation of coast-line, every heave of the vessels he saw; every pulley, and block, and tackling; every utensil and costume; every fact of growth, time, place, and size. To me this spirit is wonderfully fascinating. . . . One of the rarest privileges of twenty-five years ago was to know some one who knew some one else who had been permitted to go and see Turner's Gallery in the mysterious house in Queen Anne Street, with its blind, windowless frontage—a haunted house to all young painters. The ear drank in the lightest echoes of report as to the material of the Gallery. But for years all the Arcana have been laid bare—nay, even his sketches and his studies are all arranged on the walls of these fairy rooms."

Some of the pieces are permanently exhibited; others, including several of the finest sketches and most of the finished drawings, are changed every three months. It is thus one of the charms of occasional visits to this portion of the National Gallery that one finds ever new beauties from Turner's hand unfolded. The drawings when not on public view are stored in cabinets (designed and paid for by Ruskin), and are accessible to students and others on special application. It could be wished that the room devoted to this purpose was better lighted; it would be thought gloomy even in a prison. It is also a pity that some of the finest drawings of the whole series are never shown to the public at all. They happen to be either too small or too large for the exhibition cases, and I suppose that the Treasury has declined to provide new cases, or that, in view of the insufficient space, the Trustees have never asked for them.

### Packed in Boxes.

The complaint, however, is not so much of the way in which the framed drawings and sketches are shown, as of the neglect of those which are not framed or shown at all, but which are packed away higgledy-piggledy in tin boxes. From these tin boxes, several collections have at various times been formed. In 1878 Ruskin obtained permission from the Trustees to select two

hundred and fifty examples for loan to his Drawing School at Oxford. This collection contains many exquisite pieces; and as Ruskin arranged and catalogued it, the collection is an example of the worthy use that might be made of these sketches from Turner's hand. Six other collections, containing about fifty pieces each, have since been formed by the Trustees, and these are sent on loan to various provincial towns. There still remains, however, a vast hoard of hurried treasure in the tin boxes, and it is for the utilisation and better preservation of it that I plead.

The official or semi-official reply is, as we have seen, that "only sketches of little educational value, the waste-paper basket of the great artist's studio, are not hung up on exhibition." The Trustees have kindly allowed the editor of the "Pall Mall Magazine" to have photographs made of some of this "waste-paper," and the reproductions here given will enable the public to judge for themselves. No attempt has been made to pick out a few choice examples from otherwise worthless heaps. Only a few of the eleven boxes were opened by the photographer; and every box, as I am able to testify from personal inspection, contains pieces of great beauty, of educational value, or of autobiographical interest. It is quite true that the boxes contain also much to which this description could not fairly be applied: Turner was a great hoarder, and though there is very little which is not of some interest, there is much that is of very little interest. But this is no reason why the wheat should not be separated from the chaff. It is, I submit, a great shame, and a real waste of national treasure, that many hundreds of exquisite or instructive pieces from Turner's hand should year after year, decade after decade, be consigned to the oblivion of an ill-cared-for tomb.

### The Sketches Here Reproduced.

The photographs reproduced in this little volume include representative examples of nearly all the groups in which the contents of the tin-boxes may be arranged. Some of them are very early products of Turner's pencil; of little, or even of no, artistic merit

in themselves (as, for instance, the very early sketch of Bristol on p. ???), but possessing a certain interest as showing the humble and laborious beginnings of the artist's life-work. A few specimens of the kind are already shown at the National Gallery, and I knew an amateur of some talent who used to make a rule of going there, before and after each sketching-tour, in order to be encouraged by the sight of the hard and uninspired limits within which even the mighty Turner was once confined. A very early drawing is the curious cottage interior in which children are nursing a sick cat (see p. 31); the milk, it seems, has to be boiled. Was this a scene taken from life in Turner's early years? Another early sketch (see p. 74) seems to show the interior of a house after a fire—a kind of subject which always attracted Turner. Sometimes, when the earliest sketches have little artistic value, they are nevertheless of topographical or antiquarian interest. The sketch of Bristol (p. 70) is a case in point. It was not identified when first published in the "Pall Mall Magazine," but a reader of the magazine at Bristol tells me that the sketch shows "the cathedral tower and north transept before the new nave was built. The house there shown was pulled down in 1867 to clear the site for building, or, rather, re-building, the nave. You see an arched buttress behind the house. That was a portion of the old nave, the rest having been pulled down in the 14th century, and not rebuilt until 1867-77. In the Dean's vestry we have an engraving almost exactly as the view you have brought to light." I suggest that this sketch, if considered unworthy of attention at the National Gallery, would be of more value in the Bristol Art Gallery than in a brown-paper parcel in a tin box in London.

Others among our examples show the tinted style of drawing in which he worked for some years; passing thence into his middle period of water-colour drawings, of which several fine examples are here reproduced. They show him wandering over all these islands, as may be seen from the widely different kinds of scene and scenery depicted in the sketches, though the identification both of these and of the foreign views is doubtful, or at present unknown to me and the editor of this volume. (I may cite,



as an instance of the difficulty of identification, the sketch of a Swiss Pass on p. 24. I showed the photograph to three well-travelled connoisseurs. One said the sketch was of the Val d'Ossola ; another, the Splügen ; the third, the Julier. My own guess, not founded on any recent travel, is the Stelvio, below Bormio.) Special attention may be called to a beautiful sketch of Oxford, from a little known point of view (p. 69) ; who would not rummage with avidity in "a waste-paper basket" which contains work of this quality.

Of great interest are the pencil drawings, such as the sketch on page 67 of the Piazza del Popolo at Rome, with the twin churches at the end of the Corso. There are many hundreds of pencil sketches of this kind stored away. They are of every kind of scenery, and of all periods in the artist's life, for from his first year to his last he continued to practise unceasingly with the pencil point. When Ruskin undertook the Herculean task of sorting and arranging the drawings and sketches, he mounted a large number of these pencil outlines, and laid down a larger number still. "Of Turner's lead outlines," he said, "examples enough exist in the National Gallery to supply all the schools in England when they are properly distributed." Why should not this be done? Ruskin reproduced one piece—a drawing of Glastonbury—in his "Laws of Fésole," and showed how instructive these sketches by Turner may become as copies when used by a sympathetic teacher.

Some of the pencil drawings, again, are of interest in connection with Turner's engraved work. Thus the one of "Hurstmonceux Castle" (p. 37), appears to be the original pencil sketch from which the drawing in the Sussex series was made in 1817 (afterwards engraved, but not published). The reader will notice that Turner has written "cattle" at the edge of the water ; they were duly added in the drawing. Of one of Turner's most favourite English subjects, Richmond, Yorkshire, there is here a careful pencil-sketch (p. 27). Another interesting sketch is of Fountains Abbey (p. 26).

Many of the reproductions given here are of water-colour sketches made during Turner's foreign tours in later years. These sketches represent, says Ruskin, "plans or designs

of the pictures which Turner, if he had had time, would have made of each place. Every touch in them represents something complete and definite, and they are all interesting in subject, being of well-known and beautiful scenes. I look upon them as in some respects more valuable than his finished drawing or oil pictures ; because they are the simple records of his first impressions and first purposes, and in most instances are as true to the character of the places they represent as they are admirable in composition. Turner used to walk about a town with a roll of thin paper in his pocket, and make a few scratches upon a sheet or two of it, which were so much shorthand indication of all he wished to remember. When he got to his inn in the evening, he completed the pencilling rapidly, and added as much colour as was needed to record his plan of the picture." The beauty of these foreign sketches is known to every one who has been in the water-colour rooms at the National Gallery, where a large number of them is exhibited. But an almost equal number remains hidden away in the tin boxes ; and the examples here reproduced—in which the reader must have charity of imagination enough to supply the brilliant notes of colour—will show how little force there is in the contention that the boxes contain "sketches of little educational value," and nothing better than food for the waste-paper basket.

A fact which seems to me conclusive on the point may be mentioned. When Ruskin first craved permission from the Trustees, in 1857, to arrange some of the drawings for exhibition, he selected one hundred sketches, by way of putting before the Trustees a sample of the treasures committed to their keeping, and of explaining the method of mounting and exhibition which he recommended. He wrote also a catalogue for private circulation describing these first selected pieces. Of this series several pieces have from that day to this remained hidden in the tin boxes. Three of them are here given. One sketch is of Tréport, another of the Church of Eu ; and the third, of the Castle of Heidelberg. An extract from the rare catalogue by Ruskin to which I have referred will show the kind of interest—topographical, biographical, and technical—which

may be brought out by a careful and systematic arrangement of the drawings. Ruskin arranged the Hundred Sketches which he first selected and framed, "so as to form a connected series, illustrative of a supposed tour up the Rhine, and through Switzerland, to Venice, and back." The catalogue begins thus :—

"1. Tréport.

"We land on the pier of Tréport, and are delighted by the pretty irregularity of the old church, with its gabled chapels, which we draw on the spot, with one bold zigzag touch for their roofs, and a wriggle for every window. Yet it will not be easy for anyone coming after us to give a better idea of the standing of the grey walls on their seaworn mound, and of the high chalk cliff beyond them. This cliff is a masterpiece of drawing; it is not possible with the given number of touches to indicate more faithfully the form of a chalk precipice, or the way it breaks into the turf at its brow. The whole sketch is heavy, but very beautiful." [This sketch may be seen in the National Gallery, where it is No. 276 in the framed water-colour series.]

"2. Tréport.

"We set out for a walk about the town, retaining, however, our first interest in the chapel and cliff; and being disturbed by the military (a couple of Lancers), we put them in revengefully in red outlines." [This sketch remains in one of the tin boxes, and is here reproduced. See p. 53.]

"3. Tréport.

"We wander still further from the town, and see old pieces and fortifications under amazing effects. The military are still interested in our motions. The officer having held his sword in an unsatisfactory manner towards his legs, is obliged to change its position, and appears now to be carrying two.

"Very hasty; but grand in arrangement of colour and interesting in execution. Note the vermillion in the piece in the foreground, laid in very wet, and the white lines scraped out with the wooden end of the brush towards the left, carrying the vermillion out on that side. The object in the middle distance is a fortification with two gates of entrance, and a flagstaff, and the sweeping pencil lines to the right of the flagstaff mean, I believe, that the smoke of a gun was to be there if ever the picture were finished." [This sketch is No. 19 in the series placed on loan in the Ruskin Drawing School at Oxford.]

"4. Eu.

"Getting tired of the beach, we walk up the country, and obtain a general view of the town

of Eu. The part of the blue touch in the distance, on the left, with a spike to it, means our old friend, the hill and church of Tréport; the darker and level blue means the sea under a fresh breeze. The whole looks quite instantaneously done; but it is not; the dark crumbling touch was laid first, then water was put to it, and it was graduated into the church; lastly, a wet horizontal touch of blue has been added below, to give it more breadth.

"The general character of the French cathedral churches, rising out of the towns like a broken but successive group of steep basalt rock, with small pinnacles above, is quite wonderfully seized in this sketch. The five pink, square-topped cones under the blue sea are the roofs of Louis Philippe's palace [which may be seen in No. 665 at the National Gallery]. Having got rid of the military, we are now annoyed by cows, and horns of diligences pulling up hill; which, nevertheless, we mean to make something of some day." [This sketch remains in one of the tin boxes, and is here reproduced; see p. 50]. \*

Then, later on in the catalogue, Ruskin accompanies Turner on a sketching-tour to Heidelberg, noticing (among other points), in the sketch here reproduced (p. 23), as "highly interesting, the way Turner liked to lead his curves to the main points of his principal objects. The two large curves in the sky are outlines of hills, and are merely put there to indicate that in the finished drawing these curves should lead, one to the main tower of the castle, one to the first gable, while the second gable should be the only piece of the castle relieved against the sky." I may leave it to the reader of these remarks, with the reproductions before him, to decide whether sketches, which Ruskin found thus instructive, are indeed mere pieces of "waste-paper," and whether the nation properly discharges its debt to Turner by consigning them to oblivion.

Another important group of Turner's sketches in the National Gallery belongs to his first Continental journey, when he spent some time in Savoy, collecting materials which he afterwards used in the Chamounix subjects in "*Liber Studiorum*." Several of these sketches are framed and placed in cabinets, but many more remain in the tin

\* The whole of Ruskin's catalogue, now reprinted in the Library Edition of his Works (Vol. XIII., pp. 185—226), will be found of peculiar interest to students of Turner.

boxes ; see the example here given p. 56).

A further group consists of sketches made at Rome ; of interest not only for their own sake, but as preserving records of the city as it stood in the days before the antiquarian movement of the last century had disencumbered so many of the remains of ancient Rome from the accumulations or adaptations of succeeding centuries. I cannot agree to dismiss as "waste-paper" the sketch here reproduced (p. 52), showing the Coliseum in the background, and, in the foreground, the Arch of Titus, as it was before it was restored to its old form in 1822. One may see the general appearance of the Forum in those days, with this arch in connection with the fortress of the Frangipani, in the drawing which Turner made from Hakewell's sketch in Hakewell's "Italy."

The beauty of even the slightest of Turner's sketches of Venice is known to everybody. There are many on exhibition at the National Gallery, and many more at Oxford. But a large number—though prepared by Ruskin for exhibition—are still among the buried treasures ; and several of them are here given. Only a dim idea of their beauty can, however, be gained by the reproductions ; while the photographer had to pass by, as wholly untranslatable into black and white, numerous specimens of brilliant notes of Venetian colour which the tin boxes still contain.

A large number of the pieces in the tin boxes belongs to a well-known group, being specimens of the countless studies and sketches—sometimes in pen-and-ink, sometimes in colour on grey paper—which Turner made for his "Rivers of France." It is quite true that a great many of them are already accessible to the public (again at Oxford, as well as at the National Gallery) ; but that is no reason why the others should remain unknown, and I am afraid not too well cared for, in the tin boxes.

Turner's studies of interiors, mostly done at Farnley and Petworth—are also well known ; many of them are among the despised contents of the boxes, and specimens are included among our reproductions. The flower-piece is especially interesting (see p. 60).

Among the Turners buried in the tin boxes are several sketches and drawings which seem to have been studies, or first suggestions and materials, for finished pictures. Specimens of this sort will be found on pp. 56 and 66. One of these must have been a study for an Italian composition, such as the "Bay of Baiæ," or "The Golden Bough" ; the other, for such a picture as the "Steamboat Going by the Lead." Studies of this kind should, surely, be catalogued, mounted, and made accessible, if not to the general public, at least to students and collectors.

The object of this paper is to call attention to the wealth of "buried Turners" that still, after fifty years, awaits proper utilisation and recognition. It is not for any outsider to draw up a Reform Bill in detail. The Trustees, I cannot doubt, know the facts well ; I suppose they think it useless to do anything, in view of the scanty space at their disposal. I will conclude, however, with a few rough suggestions of what might be done if the nation ever cared to insist on some better use being made of this portion of the Turner bequest. In the first place, the present tin boxes should be abolished. The contents are in a dirty state—broken pieces of old sealing-wax, tattered fragments of string, dusty brown paper, are not the best *milieu* for delicate Turner drawings. Also the mildew which is forming on some of them should be removed. Ruskin performed this desirable operation, with the assistance of Mr. George Allen, in 1862. "I've got the mildew off," he wrote at that time, "as well as I could, and henceforth I've done with the whole business ; and have told them they must take it off themselves next time, or leave it on—if they like." When I was very kindly given permission to look through the boxes last year the mildew was on. All the more valuable sketches and drawings should be framed (many of them were mounted by Ruskin for the purpose fifty years ago) and then enclosed in cabinets with sliding grooves, such as he designed. The subsequent disposition of the sketches must largely depend on the policy of the Trustees and of the Treasury with regard to the extension of the Gallery. In any case large numbers of pencil drawings should be dis-



tributed (as already suggested) among art schools, for use as drawing-copies and lessons in composition. (The master of the School at Oxford tells me that he finds those in his custody to be of great value in this respect.) The six collections already in circulation might be supplemented. The remainder of the sketches and the drawings would remain at the National Gallery, arranged decently and in order, and made accessible to students. From time to time there might be temporary exhibitions, such as the authorities of the British Museum arrange out of their drawings and engravings. Many things might be exhibited permanently in show-cases. For instance, the National Gallery shows already the drawings which Turner made for the engraved vignettes in Rogers's "Italy" and "Poems." In one of the tin boxes is Turner's own copy of the "Poems," in which he made on the margins little notes of his intended illustrations: surely it would be of interest to show this in a case.

A group of our reproductions, to which I have not hitherto referred, consists of Turner's sketches for vignettes engraved, or intended for the volume containing Moore's "The Epicurean" and "Alciphron." I cannot conceive why none of these is considered worthy of any better place than a brown-paper parcel in a tin box. One of the vignettes here reproduced (p. 72) shows "Alciphron and the Spectre" (see pp. 10-11 of "The Epicurean" and pp. 6-7 of "Alciphron"). The subject of the engraved frontispiece was ultimately used instead. Another of the sketches (p. 72) illustrates the "Descent into the Chasm" (see "The Epicurean," pp. 49-50); while the third is an intended vignette to illustrate Alciphron's swoon in Egypt (see "The Epicurean," p. 45). These vignettes should be shown, together with a copy of the book; or else they should be transferred to the Print Room of the British Museum.

Specimen pages of Turner's note-books, his own poems, his thumb-nail sketches in the Vatican, and so forth, might also thus be shown in cases such as are used for the similar display of autographs and illuminated

manuscripts in the British Museum. The tin boxes are peculiarly rich in autobiographical matter, as I have indicated in my account of them elsewhere.\* It is especially interesting to see how constantly Turner was trying to express himself in another art than that which had become nature to him. His note-books are full of verses, and Turner would often make as many beginnings, or studies, or versions of a poem as of a picture or of a drawing. A page of one of these note-books is here given in reduced facsimile (p. 76). It is, I submit, a great pity that some of his manuscripts are not exhibited.

These are merely a few suggestions of the kind of thing which might be done. The tin boxes form a storehouse out of which an ingenious and zealous Director would constantly bring forth treasures new and old.

"But there is no room," it may be said. That is very true; and the main drift of this paper is to show that the nation itself is responsible for the neglect of its buried Turners. If it be finally decided that no more room is by the nation worth providing, then I suggest that a Turner House or a Turner Museum should elsewhere be established by private zeal, and that the Trustees of the National Gallery should be authorised to transfer thereto any pictures, drawings, sketches, or memorials of the artist for which the nation is unwilling to find proper accommodation.

E. T. C.

[The identification of the scenes of Turner's sketches is matter of much uncertainty and difficulty. Many of those already exhibited at the National Gallery have never been identified at all, or bear titles for which the authorities claim no finality. Similarly with the sketches which are here reproduced, and which have never been exhibited, the editor in many cases gives titles which are conjectural only, and in others is unable to give any precise titles. In view of future issues of this volume, he will be much obliged by any corrections, hints, or suggestions with which readers may favour him.—THE EDITOR.]

\* Library Edition of "Ruskin's Works," Vol. XIII., pp. xli.—xlii.



# STUDIES & DRAWINGS

*NOW PUBLISHED FOR THE FIRST TIME.*



AN ITALIAN SKETCH.

*The examples which follow have been specially photographed by permission of  
Sir E. J. Poynter, Bart., P.R.A., and the Trustees of the National Gallery.*



AN EARLY SKETCH.





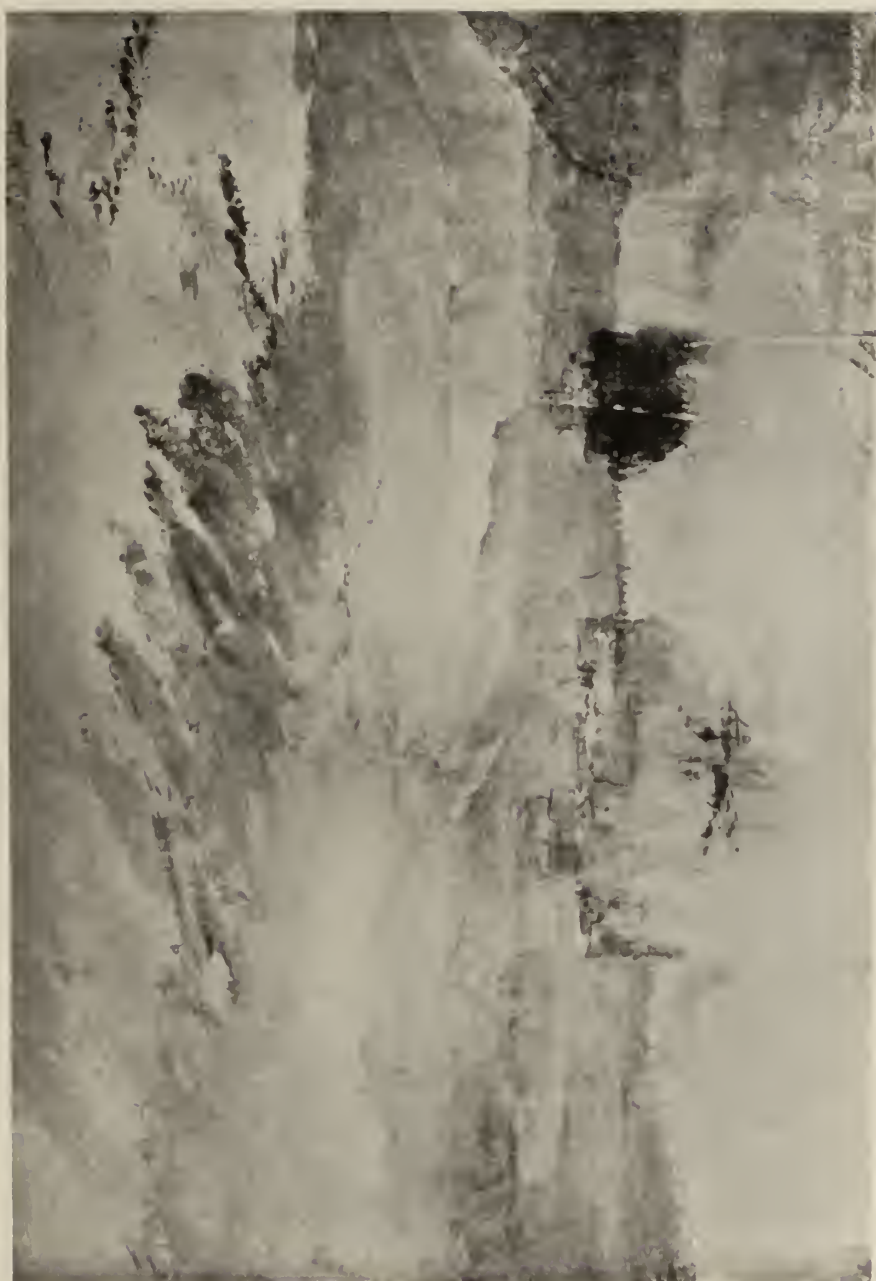
A VIEW IN WALES (2).



ON THE RHINE (?).



LIBRARY AT FARNLEY HALL.



A SUNSET STUDY (CHILLON?).





A SWISS PASS (?)



THE LAKE OF GENEVA AND MONT SALÈVE.



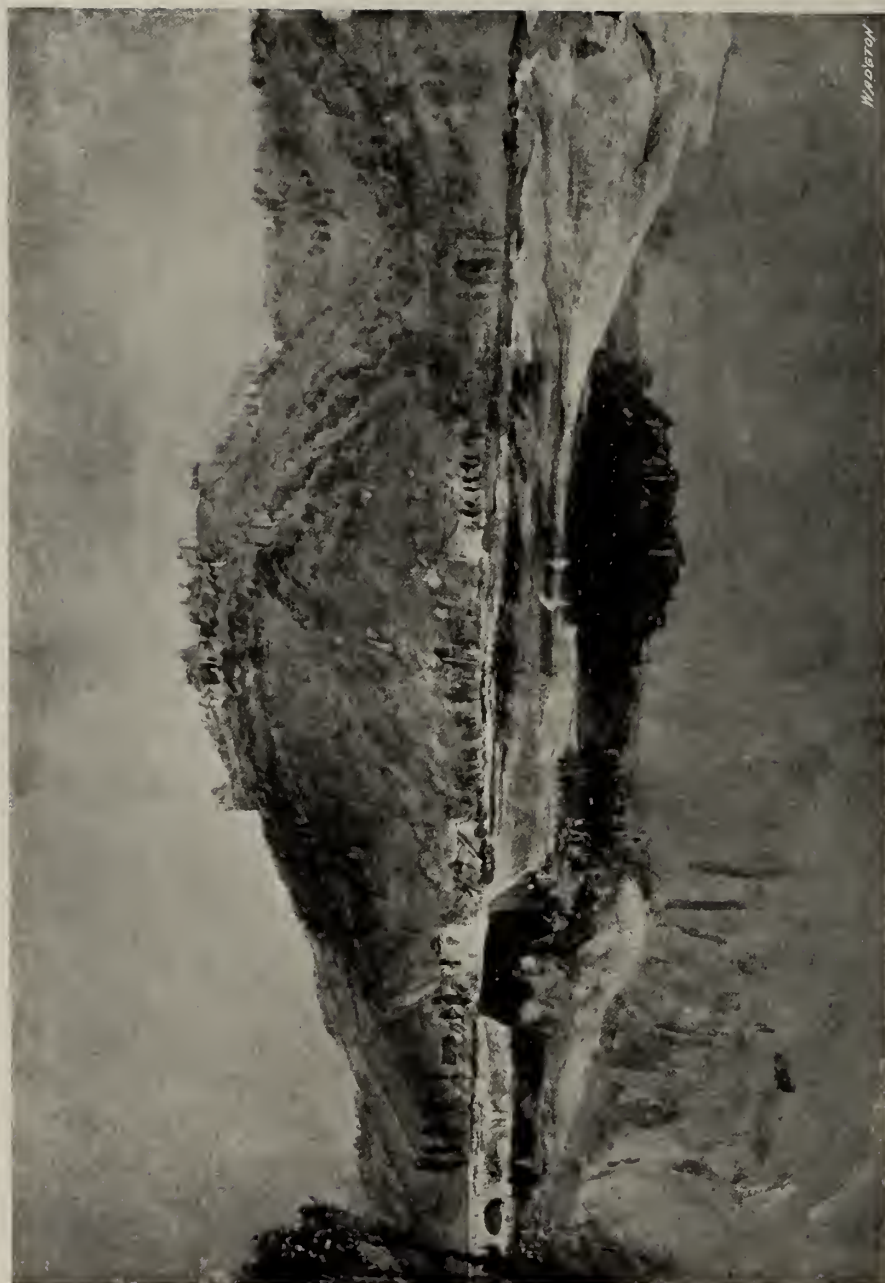
DIEPPE (?).





A SKETCH FOR THE "RIVERS OF FRANCE."





BESANÇON (?).



HEIDELBERG.



A SWISS PASS.



A CASTLE ON THE RHINE (?).

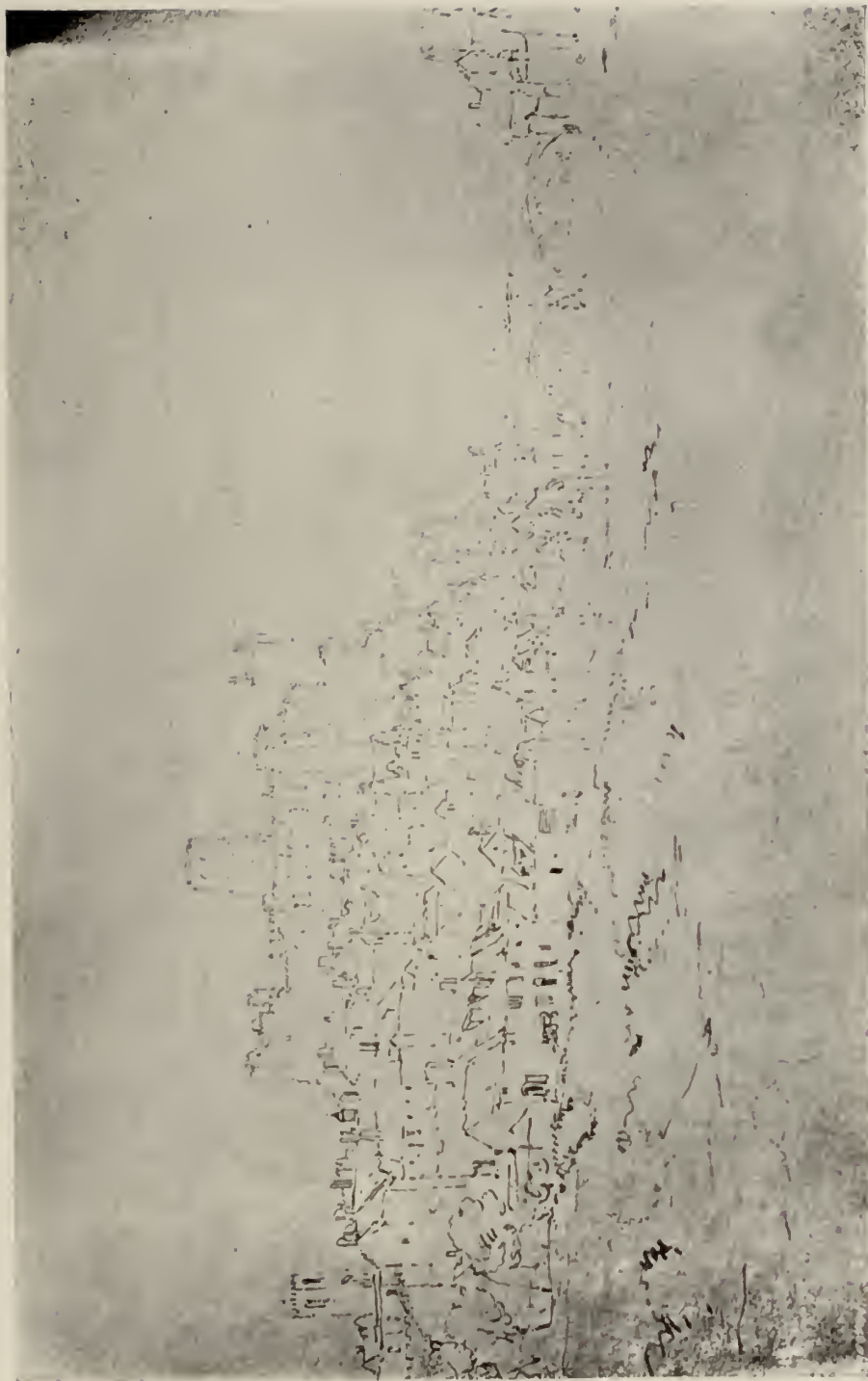




AN ITALIAN SKETCH



FOUNTAINS ABBEY: FROM THE SOUTH-WEST.



RICHMOND, YORKSHIRE: FROM THE NORTH.



HARLECH CASTLE.





DOVER (?).



A VIEW IN NORTH WALES (?).



AN ENGLISH MANSION.



THE SICK CAT: A COTTAGE INTERIOR.





LIGHTHOUSE AND GRAIN WHARVES.





TANTALLON CASTLE.



SION HOUSE, ISLEWORTH.



THE GREY CASTLE (so called by Ruskin in the framed series at the National Gallery)



SMELTING WORKS ON A RIVER BANK.





HURSTMONCEUX CASTLE (original outline pencil-sketch).—Sussex series.



ON THE WYE (?).



SCENE IN NORTH WALES.



THE UNDERCLIFF, ISLE OF WIGHT.





FRESHWATER CLIFF, ISLE OF WIGHT.



BAY IN THE ISLE OF WIGHT (?).



IN THE ISLE OF WIGHT (?).



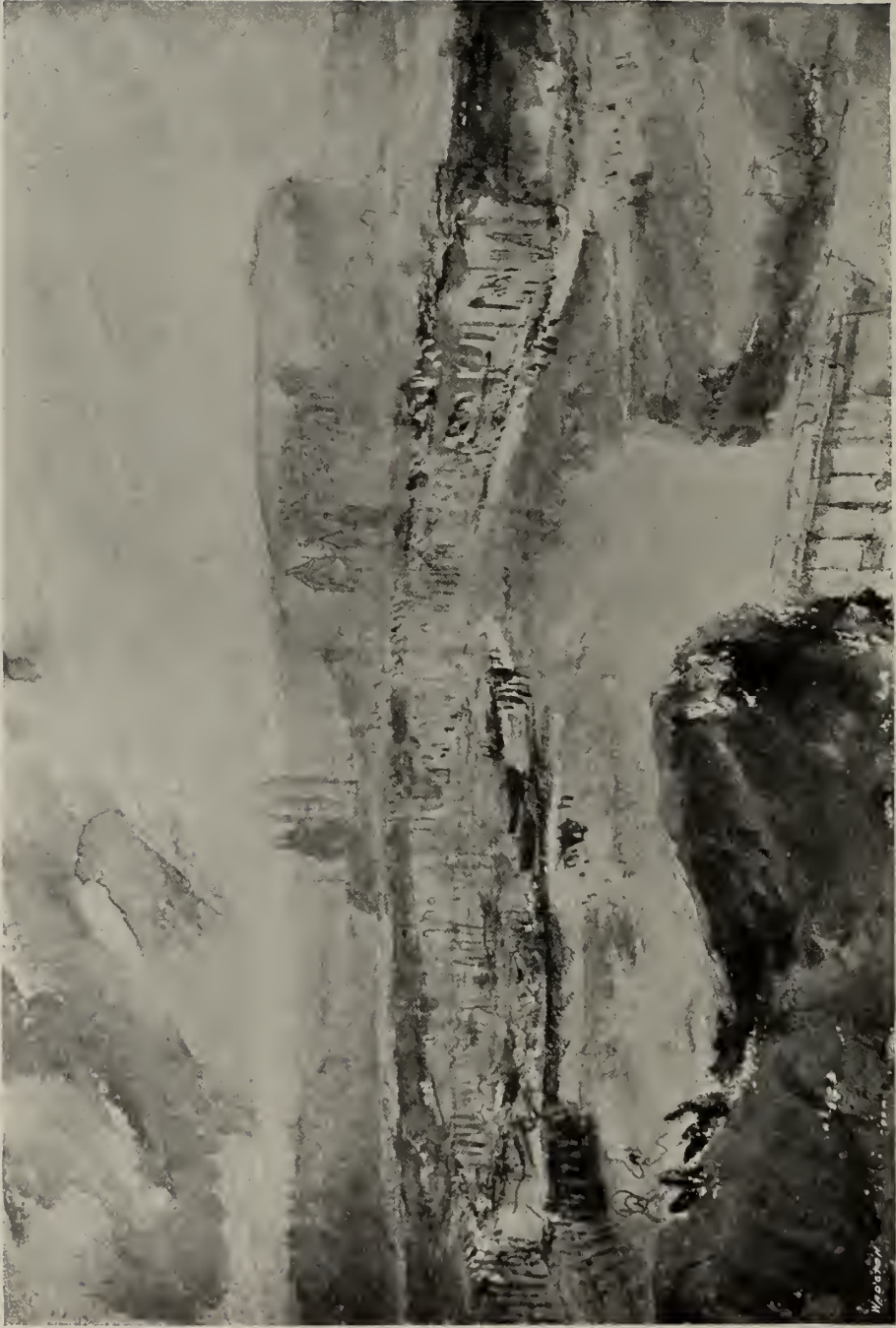


KOBLENZ FROM THE MOSELLE (?).





ON THE SEINE.  
Sketch for the "Rivers of France."

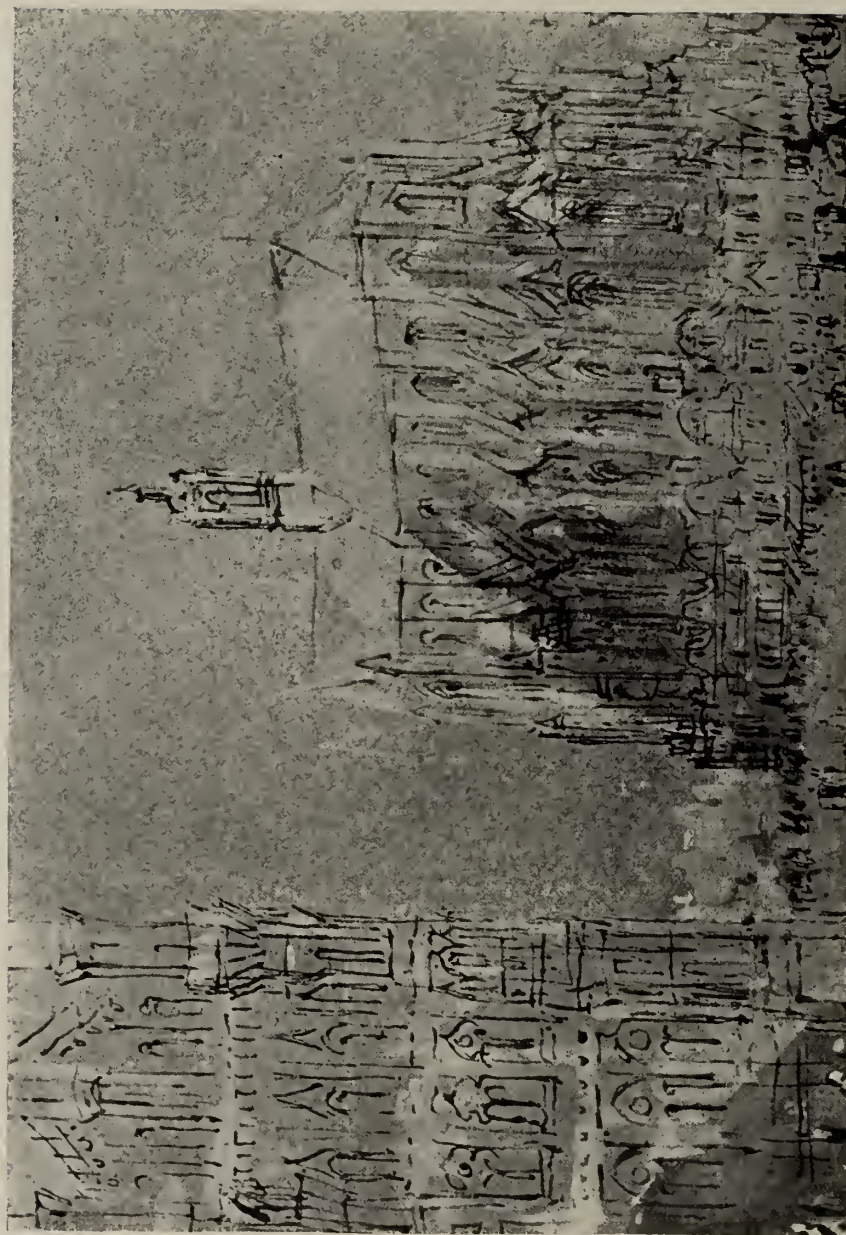


DIEPPE, FROM ABOVE THE HARBOUR.



POSILIPO, BAY OF NAPLES.





COLOGNE CATHEDRAL.





HEDDLBERG,  
(Compare No. 282 in the Framal Series at the National Gallery.)



THE CHURCH OF EU.  
(One of the sketches first selected by Ruskin for exhibition.)



MONT PILATUS, LUCERNE.  
(Compare No. 768 in the Frimmel Series at the National Gallery.)



THE RUINS OF ROME : The Arch of Titus (prior to 1820), and the Colosseum in the background.





# TRÉPORT

(One of the sketches first selected by Ruskin for exhibition.)



FRIBOURG (Switzerland).



CLOUDS AND HEATH: A Study.



STUDY FOR A MARINE PICTURE.

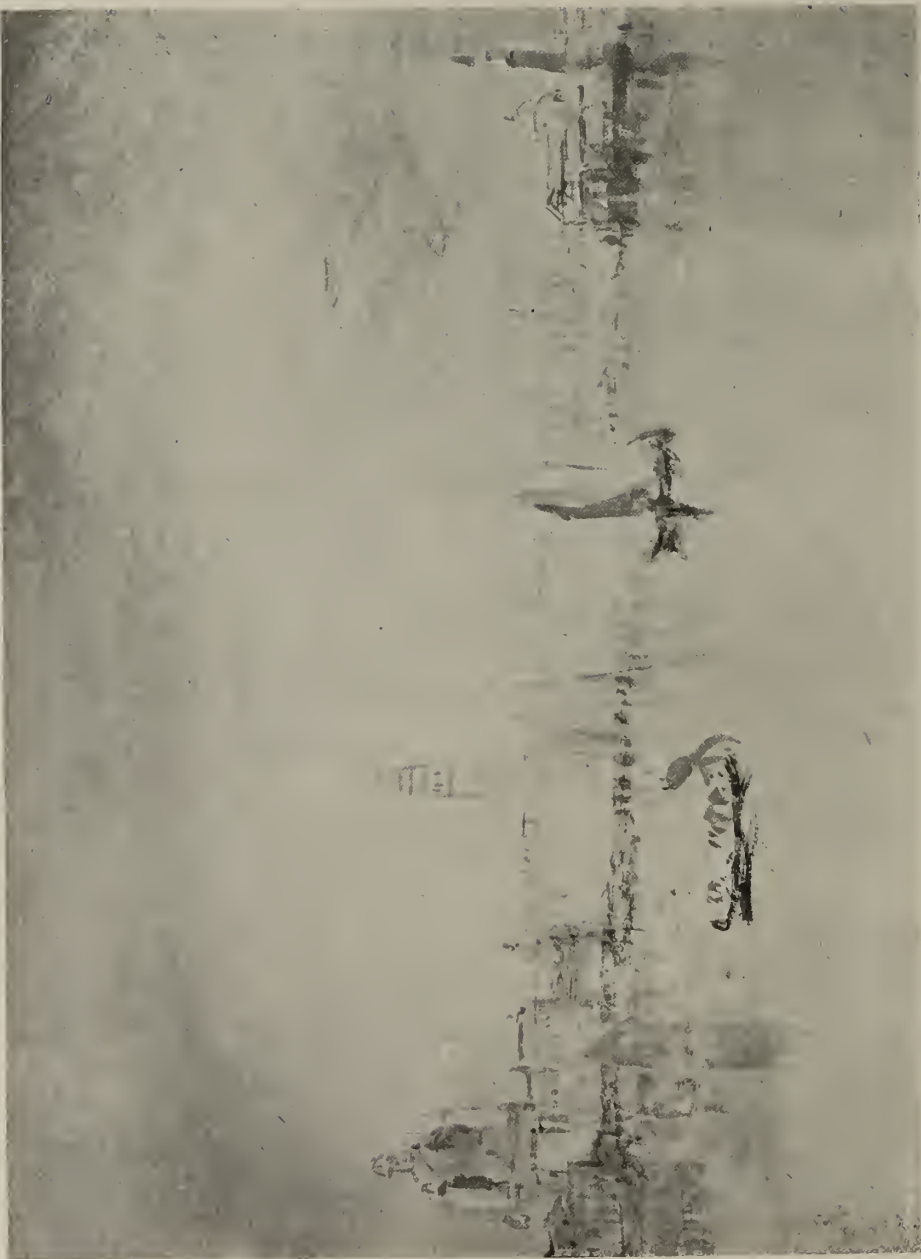


ON THE ROAD TO CHAMOUNI.





STUDIES OF VENICE.—I.



STUDIES OF VENICE.—II.



STUDIES OF VENICE.—III



STUDIES OF VENICE.—IV.



A FLOWER PIECE.

(One of the very few that Turner painted.)





BATTLE ABBEY



EARLY STUDY OF A COTTAGE.

(Compare No. 530 in the Framed Series at the National Gallery.)



AN ENGLISH HOMESTEAD





BELLINZONA.





ITALIAN LAKE SCENE.



STUDY FOR AN ITALIAN COMPOSITION.



ROME : THE PIAZZA DEL POPOLO (with the Twin Churches at the end of the Corso).



VENETIAN TOWERS.





A LAKE SCENE.



CHRIST CHURCH, OXFORD.

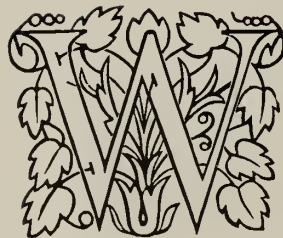


BRISTOL CATHEDRAL (BEFORE THE NEW NAVE WAS BUILT).  
(An Example of Turner's Earliest Work.)

## TURNER: THE MAN AND THE PAINTER.

### A Character Sketch, with many Stories and Anecdotes.

#### I.



WHEN Ruskin was asked half a century ago if a biography of Turner then being projected would interfere with any plans of his own, he answered no, and generously offered to help as far as in him lay. "Don't try to mask the dark side," was Ruskin's advice to Thornbury, the biographer he helped. "Fix at the beginning the following main characteristics of Turner in your mind, as the keys to the secret of all he said and did—uprightness, generosity, extreme tenderness of heart, sensuality, extreme obstinacy, irritability, infidelity. And be sure that he knew his own power, and felt himself

utterly alone in the world from its not being understood." Turner was sixty years of age when Ruskin met him first, and his character, never a lenient one, was set too hard to receive the impressions of new friendships. His was not the gift of intimacy. But the man who analysed his art could hardly fail, even at a distance, to detect the main points of his character, and the more we know of it, the more truth appears in Ruskin's outline. Turner's lack of the social sense was due, like many of his other traits, to the hard conditions of his birth and upbringing, and truly they were as uninspiring for the creation of a great artist as the livery stables and the gallipots were in the case of Keats.

#### II.

Turner was born on April 23, 1775—the same day as Shakspeare, the same year as Charles Lamb—and his father was a

Covent Garden barber. It was an unpromising beginning, but we remember that this same prosaic sign of the barber's pole ruled over the boyhood of Jeremy Taylor. The house was at the west end of Maiden-lane—No. 26, to be exact—but the last vestige of it disappeared nearly half a century ago. He was christened William after his father, Mallord after his mother's eldest brother, and Joseph after goodness knows whom; and as Joseph Mallord (it was misspelt, by the way) William Turner, his name is still to be seen on the register of the parish church of St. Paul's. His father came from Devonshire, so the lad had the same ancestral shire in common with Reynolds, who was to be his master. Of his mother, a London woman, little is recorded, save an ungovernable temper and an hereditary touch of madness. There were connections of hers at Brentford, and for one of these, the foreman of a distillery, young Turner made some of his earliest sketches. At Brentford also he went to school, there distinguishing himself by scrawling sketches of flourishing poultry all over the copy-books and schoolroom walls. He used to colour engravings for fourpence, and some of them his father exhibited in the shop at a shilling apiece. Happily they caught the eye of his artist patrons, among them Thomas Stothard, and on their recommendation the father gave the lad leave to follow his obvious bent. But the sale of the lad's sketches was characteristic. Thrift ran hard in the family blood, and the man of whom his son said, "Dad never praised me for anything but saving a halfpenny," lived in after years to play the part of rough-and-ready housekeeper in the bachelor ménage that served the artist to the end of his days.

He entered under several masters in turn—Mr. Pálce, of the Soho Academy; Thomas Malton, a master in perspective; Dayes, expert in costume; John Raphael Smith, the engraver; and William Porden, an architect who offered to article him without a fee. He was a dullish pupil, but he said that he learned more from Dayes than anyone else, the fact of the matter being that in Dayes's studio he fell in with Thomas Girtin, the rival who was destined to influence him more than any tutor could, and by an untimely death leave him master of an undisputed field. Many years afterwards he said himself, "Had Tom Girtin lived, I should have starved"; but this was characteristically overstated. Turner's father came into a legacy, and paid it away again as a premium to yet another art-master, Thomas Hardwick, and Hardwick, perceiving the lad's forte, advised him to stick to landscape. He continued to study under Robert Ker Porter and Henry Barker, and finally in

the studio of Sir Joshua. By copying some of the latter's portraits, he picked up sufficient skill in the art to paint his own; and by the time he was fifteen he had landed his first drawing in the Royal Academy. It was a view of Lambeth Palace, and the first of any note in a long series of sketches, largely topographical and architectural, in the neighbourhood of London.

### III.

One of the portraits of himself was painted as a love-token, and figured in the only romance of his life. During the restless *zweanderjahre* that succeeded his tour of the studios he fell in love with a maid of Margate, and the passion was returned. She may have been the daughter of the artist, William Frederick Wells, and the affair proceeded happily enough until something or someone interfered with their correspondence, and young Turner returned from one of his chapters of wandering to find her affianced to another. She had transferred her hand, believing him to be indifferent, and no pleading of his could move her. Thornbury says that the marriage proved unhappy, but the latter's sentimental bias weakens our belief. Turner set off again with his palette and sketch-book, an embittered man. The inclination for marriage seems never to have occurred to him again, except twenty years later in the case of the sister of his friend, Henry Trimmer, the vicar of Heston. Trimmer was an art amateur of some accomplishment, and used to entertain the artist during his fishing expeditions. The amiable cleric tried to teach him the rudiments of Greek and Latin, but without success. Turner was taken to an unusual degree with the vicar's family, and famous as he had then come to be, might have had the vicar's sister for the asking. Either he was too shy, or the old wound rankled, and he went back to his fishing, the cheerless home with his father at Hammersmith, and his ceaseless round of work.

Yet he was anything but morose in his early touring days, when a guinea lasted him the best part of a week, and a bundle at the end of a stick comprised his belongings. One lifelong friend says of him that in those days he was the merriest and lightest-hearted creature she ever knew. He set up a makeshift studio in Hand Court, near his father's shop, but his happier days were spent in these roving excursions. He financed himself by executing plates for the magazines and miscellanies of that day, and with the proceeds he scoured the country, copying cathedrals and abbeys, with all the old bridges and mills and fishing villages in between, or else stay-



ing by the way to bestow a five-shilling lesson on some casual pupil. Girtin accompanied him, certainly on some of the excursions around London, and for some of these they found an excuse and an objective in the encouragement of Thomas Monro. The worthy doctor's history is identified with the Old Water-colour Society, and he was acute enough to see the genius that underlay the hopes of these two youngsters. "Many a time," Turner told David Roberts once, "Girtin and I have walked to Bushey and back to make drawings for good Dr. Monro at half-a-crown apiece and a supper." It was a far from mercenary arrangement in the older man, seeing the slender probability of his ever living to recoup himself, and the wretched prices



"ALCIPHRON'S SWOON IN EGYPT."

Intended vignette for Moore's "The Epicurean and Alciphron."

that ruled the water-colour market in those primitive days. The suppers were given at the doctor's house in Adelphi-terrace (next door to the one where Garrick had died a few years before), and there the young men met a group of artists. They also found a collection of masterpieces to copy, and it was here that Turner's fast-developing genius measured itself with the work of Paul Sandby and Cozens; Morland and Gainsborough and Richard Wilson; Canaletto, Rembrandt, Claude, and Salvator Rosa. It was the period of his "grey" drawings, and his fairylike silvery interiors. Finding that Girtin was beating him by studies of Jedburgh Abbey, Turner set off for Yorkshire and the



"ALCIPHRON AND THE SPECTRE."

Intended vignette for Moore's "The Epicurean and Alciphron."

north, and returned to show in the Academy Exhibition of 1798 the drawing, "Summer Morn: Norham Castle on the Tweed," to which he attributed his success in life. This was the tour, besides, that produced the



"THE DESCENT INTO THE CHASM."

Intended Vignette for Moore's "Epicurean."



Coniston drawing in the National Gallery, and the "Dunstanborough Castle." It introduced him, too, to several valuable friends, and lightened the strain of his keen competition with Girtin. Theirs was the story of Reynolds and Romney over again, and the man of slower, broader development was bound to win in the end. Keen emulation, however, could hardly help estranging them, and three years later Girtin was dead. Turner attended the funeral, and made a vow to put a stone up to his memory. Others did it for him, and he perpetuated his rival's fame by conferring on their common art a new lustre and a new perfection. He said of a yellow drawing of Girtin's that he would have given one of his little fingers to have done it; but the time was at hand when his fellow-student was to be utterly eclipsed. Turner made another tour, this time in Wales, exhibited his first naval subject, "The Battle of the Nile," and was elected an Associate of the Royal Academy.

#### IV.

He must have been a strange man, even in those days, before age, excess, and avarice had begun to spoil him. He was twenty-four years old when the Associateship came to him, and he was already the first water-colour artist of his age. Three portraits that remain of him about this time (a couple by his namesake, the engraver, and one by Nathaniel Dance) show him to have been anything but ill-looking, but he was low and crook-shanked in his build, and in his features there was enough of a Jewish cast to cause him annoyance when he heard it discussed. He was intensely, morbidly sensitive, the more so because he was conscious of a breeding ill-suited to his powers. He was most at home when wrangling with the engravers and the publishers, and he was now entering on a long campaign of exactions and quarrels which lasted until his death. Ruskin says that he never broke a promise, or failed in a trust he had undertaken. Yet he squabbled with Charles Turner, his engraver, on paltry excuses, half-accused him of allowing his prints to be stolen, and so resented an appeal for better terms that the misunderstanding lasted nineteen years. Pye and Roget, in their entertaining "Notes and Memoranda," print a letter showing how the artist sprang a demand for fourteen shillings upon Colnaghi's, a firm that had paid him many thousands of pounds: he had suddenly made up his mind to allow no discount to "the trade," and it closed the account between them. Several times he asked engravers for a dozen proofs for him-

self, and when it came to a question of payment denied having ordered them.

The history of these transactions would make a book of itself, and not the least interesting passage (one that the late Mr. Blades would have turned to eloquence) goes to relate how one or two engravers, failing to realise the value even of faulty impressions, threw them to domestics to light the fire with. Yet there is hardly a character-sketch of the many that have Turner for their theme that do not contain anecdotes redounding to his credit. Lupton, the engraver, records that when he was a young man in the employ of George Clint, he frequently waited on the great man with proofs of his "*Liber Studiorum*." One day he ventured to ask for a chance to show his mettle. Turner asked, "How do I know what you can do?" The aspirant answered that the only way was to try him with a subject, and then if the plate that resulted was unworthy, to destroy it. Turner smiled, and said, "Well, tell me what I am to pay you." Lupton fixed the price at five guineas, a guinea lower than his master asked, and Turner handed him a slight but beautiful drawing in bistre of Solway Moss. The result was approved, and took its place with the best. But these are lucid intervals in the long and stormy dealings he had with his printers, and we may well say that there was even more usury in his soul than in his face. Ruskin, meeting him in the forties, went almost as an idolator, but even then was not very favourably impressed. "I found in him," he writes in his journal the night after the meeting, "a somewhat eccentric, keen-mannered, matter-of-fact, English-minded gentleman; good-natured evidently, bad-tempered evidently, perhaps a little selfish, highly intellectual, the powers of the mind not brought out with any delight in their manifestation or intention of display, but flashing out occasionally in a word or a look." The lengthened and reluctant hyphen before the word "gentleman," was perhaps the most expressive touch in the picture, and Turner clearly never took the pains to qualify for refined society. His home life, such as it was, went on behind a kind of veil, and for a great many years none of his closest friends and admirers were permitted to draw it aside. He lived for some few years at 64, Harley-street, but in 1812 he built himself other houses after his own designs, one in Queen Anne-street (now No. 23), and another at West End, the Upper Mall, Hammersmith. This last he called Sandycombe Lodge, or (more significantly still) Solus, and, finding he used it less and less, he parted with it in 1826. He records

in a letter not without traces of affection, that his father was always catching cold through working in the garden, and adds : " I began to think of being truly alone in the world, but I believe the bitterness is past . . . I am thin as a hurdle, and not better for wear." When his father's death actually came (in 1829) it stirred him deeply, and it

only knows how soon!" The next sentence in the same letter was a scathing remark on patrons who sent empty carriages to swell a funeral, and this was inspired by the same hatred of humbug that Ruskin had perceived in him. Lawrence, by the way, was once the occasion for an act of generosity worth recording. In 1826 Turner's "Cologne" was placed



SKETCH OF RUINS: AFTER A FIRE.

was evident that the old man was vastly more to him than a personal attendant, who stretched his canvases and saved him expense in a hundred different ways. In the same year he acted as pall-bearer to his friend Dawe, and in the next he helped in the last offices to another friend, Sir Thomas Lawrence. Death had come home to him, and he wrote : " Who will do the like for me, or when, God

between a couple of Sir Thomas's portraits, and outshone them with its welter of high colour. Straightway Turner covered it with a coat of lamp-black, saying, " It will all wash off, and Lawrence was so unhappy." The incident was as characteristic, perhaps, as anything else, but such incidents were rare. It shows how art might have ennobled him, if he had not worshipped other gods as well ; and

the wonder is that his art was so little affected by his secret debauches. As it was, this strange compound of sudden generosity, hard-fisted dealing, barbarous temper, and eccentric life, was turning off year by year a series of landscapes fit to persuade one that the Golden Age had come again.

## V.

Nothing can give us any sense of the range and mastery of Turner's three main periods of activity except a catalogue with dates and detail, and this is beyond our scope. His method of classification established his landscapes in the three important divisions of Pastoral, Historical, and Topographical; but he put an "E" by way of sub-division before the "P" of Pastoral, and this has been construed as "Epic," without defining the boundary in Turner's mind between the historical and the pastoral schools. Thornbury says that the first attempt in oils was a sunset on the Thames, made in 1795 from a crayon study for his friend Bell, to commemorate a narrow escape of theirs while sketching in a punt off Battersea. His first oil of any consequence was a view of fishing-boats in a gale of wind off the Needles, and was sold for ten pounds to General Stewart. His diploma work for the Academy was the "Dolbadern Castle," and 1800 saw him started on what Ruskin called his first style. It was still the age of Old Testament subjects and pseudo-classical studies like "Jason," and he might have remained a sort of Handel of the brush, all pomp and mannerism, if he had not gone at this time (1802) for a first foreign tour. He worked his way across the Alps, making brilliant sketches (black pencil on tinted paper) of the scenery round Chamouni, the Grande Chartreuse, Grenoble, and the valley of the Rhone. Four years later he painted the daring "Falls of the Rhine at Schaffhausen," which hangs in the public gallery at Birmingham, and has a page of Ruskin to itself. The Dutch sea-painters turned him back to his fishing-boats; and Claude and Wilson to themes like "Mercury and Herse," sold a few years ago for seven thousand guineas. In 1807 he flashed out, like a herald ray of the northern lights, with a picture in his riper manner, the glorious "Sun Rising through Vapour," which Hamerton turns to such glowing prose. It was Claude, too, who suggested the "Liber Studiorum," and Turner made this black-and-white work, as Gainsborough did with his society portraits, the bondslave of his true mistress, landscape in oils. In 1808 the Academy made him its lecturer on perspective, and where he failed in

delivery he made up with lavish illustration, a proceeding calculated, perhaps, to deter his students rather than to point the way. Once and once only he visited his father's county of Devon, but it inspired him with the lovely "Crossing the Brook." A storm at Farnley suggested the "Hannibal Crossing the Alps" (1812), and he printed at the foot of it a dozen lines of his own composition; and these, though uncouth, like the rest of his attempts in this direction, had a certain rugged smack of the Pyrrhus lines in "Hamlet." At last, in the Waterloo year, he exhibited "Dido Building Carthage," perhaps his greatest favourite. He said once that he would be buried in it, but that must have been in either a fit of moody grandeur, or else a fit of petulance at the onslaught the critics had made on it. The patron who commissioned it for £100 declined to take it, and Turner refused thousands for it repeatedly, in order to bequeath it as part of his gift to the nation. These attacks of the critics on his eagle flights of fancy, and the parodies in "Punch" on his verses always nettled him, and he consoled himself but poorly with bitter retorts that they were ungrateful and contemptible. "A man may be weak in his age," he said to Ruskin towards the end, "but you should not tell him so."

Foreign sketching tours, and several exquisite series of prints, like the "England and Wales," "Rivers of France," and "Italy," represent a large proportion of work in the years that remained, but masterpiece succeeded masterpiece in bewildering succession. He visited Venice first in or about the year 1832, and we all know with what gleams and visions he invested the Bride of the Adriatic. In the August of 1838 he and Clarkson Stanfield were gleaning material in the lower reaches of the Thames, and saw the old Téméraire being towed upstream to her destruction. Clarkson urged it on Turner as a subject, and the result was one of the most popular among his pictures. "Blackwood," in a tremendous onslaught, expressly excepted this work, and the public ear was filled with outcries against his wanton tricks with paint. The loan collection of his works at Guildhall three or four years ago, contained an example of this. He had painted a glowing sunset across the river from the Barnes road, and in a moment of mischief or inspiration (it is hard to say which) he conceived the idea of a dog against the light. Instead of painting it in fairly, he cut it out of black paper *en silhouette*, and stuck it on the parapet, where it remains to this day, a cheap disfigurement. Stanfield complained of the blackness of the ship's sails in the picture of Wilkie's burial by night, and







SOME CHARACTERISTIC EXAMPLES  
OF  
TURNER'S FINISHED WORKS

*On the following pages are given a number of some characteristic examples of Turner's finished work for the purpose of comparison with the drawings and studies. They are after photographs placed at our disposal by Mr. George Allen and Messrs. H. Dixon and Co.*



VENICE FROM THE CANALE DELLA GUDECCA. (1840)



ANCIENT ROME (1839).  
Agrippina landing with the Ashes of Germanicus.  
The Triumphal Bridge and Palace of the Caesars restored.





THE BAY OF BAILE.



DIDO DIRECTING THE EQUIPMENT OF THE FLEET.



CALIGULA'S PALACE AND BRIDGE.



CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE. ITALY.





APOLLO AND DAPHNE. (1837.)



VENUS AND ADONIS (Circa 1812).  
From the picture in the possession of Sir Cuthbert Quilter.



APOLLO AND THE PYTHON. (1811.)



CROSSING THE BROOK.





STONEHENGE.



DURHAM CATHEDRAL (Circa 1835).



RICHMOND BRIDGE, SURREY (Circa 1831).



WARWICK CASTLE (Circa 1830).





BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR. (Painted 1825.)



THE DEATH OF NELSON.



SHIP OF THE LINE TAKING IN STORES, 1818.  
From the drawing at Farley Hall.



THE FIGHTING TÉMÉRAIRE.





SPITHEAD: BOAT'S CREW RECOVERING AN ANCHOR.



ULYSSES DERIDING POLYPHEMUS.

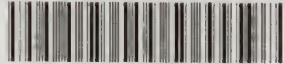


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